

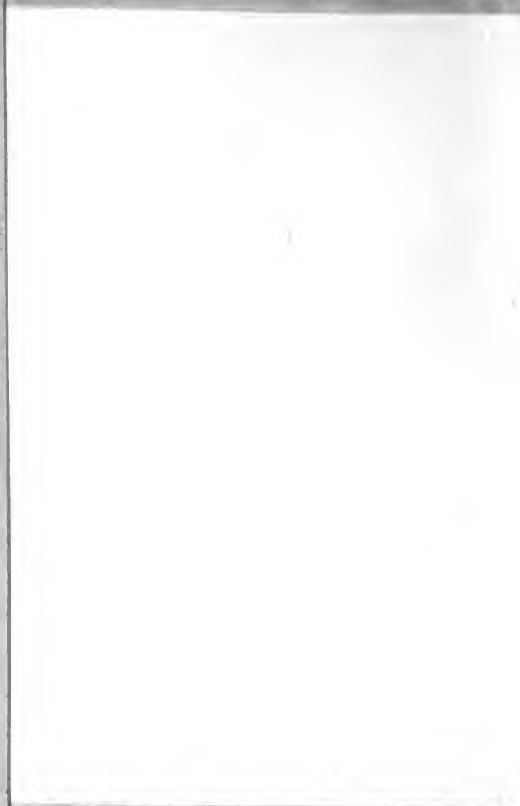
REPERTORY PLAYS. N^o. 8. 8 NET.



THE MAKER OF DREAMS

Oliphant Down

LONDON & GLASGOW. GOWANS & GRAY LTD.



REPERTORY PLAYS, No. 8

THE MAKER OF DREAMS

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THE MAKER OF DREAMS

A FANTASY IN ONE ACT

BY
OLIPHANT' DOWN

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A FOREWORD

So simple and direct is the story and so deft the handling that when "THE MAKER OF DREAMS" was read to me in 1911 I had no hesitation in at once accepting it on behalf of Mr. Edmund Gwenn and myself.

On August 31st, 1912 (the opening night of our joint management), we presented it at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, as a first piece to "LITTLE MISS LLEWELYN."

Exactly as the play had appealed to me at the reading, so it made its appeal on the first night; and both the Press and Public gave it a hearty welcome.

HILDA TREVELYAN.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE,

January, 1913.

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Produced by the Scottish Repertory Theatre Company, under the direction of Mr. ALFRED WAREING, at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, on Monday, Nov. 20th, 1911, with the following cast:

Pierrot, - - Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM.
Pierrette, - - Miss MURIEL GIBB.
The Manufacturer, - Mr. BEN FIELD.

[Incidental music by BEATRICE PATTENDEN.]

Afterwards at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, under the management of Miss HILDA TREVELYAN and Mr. EDMUND GWENN, on Aug. 31st, 1912, with the following cast:

Pierrot, - - Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM.
Pierrette, - - Miss PAMELA DUDLEY.
The Manufacturer, - Mr. E. W. GARDEN.

Revived by the Scottish Repertory Theatre Company at The Alhambra, Glasgow, on Monday, Dec. 30th, 1912, with the following cast:

Pierrot, - - Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM.
Pierrette, - - Miss MURIEL REDDALL.
The Manufacturer, - Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL.



THE MAKER OF DREAMS

Evening. A room in an old cottage, with walls of dark oak, lit only by the moonlight that peers through the long, low casement-window at the back, and the glow from the fire that is burning merrily on the spectator's left. A cobbled street can be seen outside, and a door to the right of the window opens directly on to it. Opposite the fire is a kitchen dresser with cups and plates twinkling in the firelight. A high-backed oak settle, as though afraid of the cold moonlight, has turned its back on the window and warms its old timbers at the fire. In the middle of the room stands a table with a red cover; there are chairs on either side of it. On the hob, a kettle is keeping itself warm; whilst overhead, on the hood of the chimney-piece, a small lamp is turned very low.

A figure flits past the window and, with a click of the latch, PIERRETTE enters. She hangs up her cloak by the door, gives a little shiver and runs to warm herself for a moment. Then, having turned up the lamp, she places the kettle on the fire. Crossing the room, she takes a table-cloth from the dresser and proceeds to lay tea, setting out crockery for two. Once she goes to the window and, drawing aside the common red casement-curtains, looks out, but returns to her work, disappointed. She puts a spoonful of tea into the teapot, and

another, and a third. Something outside attracts her attention ; she listens, her face brightening. A voice is heard singing :

“Baby, don’t wait for the moon,
She is caught in a tangle of boughs ;
And mellow and musical June
Is saying ‘ Good-night ’ to the cows.”

[The voice draws nearer and a conical white hat goes past the window. PIERROT enters.]

PIERROT

(Throwing his hat to Pierrette.) Ugh ! How cold it is. My feet are like ice.

PIERRETTE

Here are your slippers. I put them down to warm.

[She kneels beside him, as he sits before the fire and commences to slip off his shoes.]

PIERROT

(Singing.)

“Baby, don’t wait for the moon,
She will put out her tongue and grimace ;
And mellow and musical June
Is pinning the stars in their place.”

Isn’t tea ready yet ?

PIERRETTE

Nearly. Only waiting for the kettle to boil.

PIERROT

How cold it was in the market-place to-day ! I don’t believe I sang at all well. I can’t sing in the cold.

PIERRETTE

Ah, you're like the kettle. He can't sing when he's cold either. Hurry up, Mr. Kettle, if you please.

PIERROT

I wish it were in love with the sound of its own voice.

PIERRETTE

I believe it is. Now it's singing like a bird. We'll make the tea with the nightingale's tongue. (*She pours the boiling water into the teapot.*) Come along.

PIERROT

(*Looking into the fire.*) I wonder. She had beauty, she had form, but had she soul?

PIERRETTE

(*Cutting bread and butter at the table.*) Come and be cheerful, instead of grumbling there to the fire.

PIERROT

I was thinking.

PIERRETTE

Come and have tea. When you sit by the fire, thoughts only fly up the chimney.

PIERROT

The whole world's a chimney-piece. Give people a thing as worthless as paper, and it catches fire in them and makes a stir; but real thought, they let it go up with the smoke.

PIERRETTE

Cheer up, Pierrot. See how thick I've spread the butter.

PIERROT

You're always cheerful.

PIERRETTE

I try to be happy.

PIERROT

Ugh!

[He has moved to the table. There is a short silence, during which Pierrot sips his tea moodily.]

PIERRETTE

Tea all right?

PIERROT

Middling.

PIERRETTE

Only middling! I'll pour you out some fresh.

PIERROT

Oh, it's all right! How you do worry a fellow!

PIERRETTE

Heigh-ho! Shall I chain up that big black dog?

PIERROT

I say, did you see that girl to-day?

PIERRETTE

Whereabouts?

PIERROT

Standing by the horse-trough. With a fine air,
and a string of great beads.

PIERRETTE

I didn't see her.

PIERROT

I did, though. And she saw me. Watched me
all the time I was singing, and clapped her
hands like anything each time. I wonder
if it is possible for a woman to have a soul
as well as such beautiful colouring.

PIERRETTE

She was made up!

PIERROT

I'm sure she was not! And how do you know?
You didn't see her.

PIERRETTE

Perhaps I *did* see her.

PIERROT

Now, look here, Pierrette, it's no good your being
jealous. When you and I took on this show
business, we arranged to be just partners and
nothing more. If I see any one I want to
marry, I shall marry 'em. And if you see
any one who wants to marry you, *you* can
marry 'em.

PIERRETTE

I'm not jealous! It's absurd!

PIERROT

(Singing abstractedly.)

“Baby, don’t wait for the moon,
She has scratched her white chin on the gorse ;
And mellow and musical June
Is bringing the cuckoo remorse.”

PIERRETTE

Did you see that girl after the show ?

PIERROT

No. She had slipped away in the crowd. Here,
I’ve had enough tea. I shall go out and try
to find her.

PIERRETTE

Why don’t you stay in by the fire ? You could
help me to darn the socks.

PIERROT

Don’t try to chaff me. Darning, indeed ! I
hope life has got something better in it than
darning.

PIERRETTE

I doubt it. It’s pretty much the same all the
world over. First we wear holes in our
socks, and then we mend them. The wise
ones are those who make the best of it, and
darn as well as they can.

PIERROT

I say, that gives me an idea for a song.

PIERRETTE

Out with it, then.

PIERROT

Well, I haven't exactly formed it yet. This is what flashed through my mind as you spoke :

(He runs up on to the table, using it as a stage.)

“Life's a ball of worsted,
Unwind it if you can,
You who oft have boasted

(He pauses for a moment, then hurriedly, in order to gloss over the false accenting.)

That you are a man.”

Of course that's only a rough idea.

PIERRETTE

Are you going to sing it at the show ?

PIERROT

(Jumping down from the table.) You're always so lukewarm. A man of artistic ideas is as sensitively skinned as a baby.

PIERRETTE

Do stay in, Pierrot. It's so cold outside.

PIERROT

You want me to listen to you grumbling, I suppose.

PIERRETTE

Just now you said I was always cheerful.

PIERROT

There you are ; girding at me again.

PIERRETTE

I'm sorry, Pierrot. But the market-place is dreadfully wet, and your shoes are awfully thin.

PIERROT

I tell you I will not stop in. I'm going out to find that girl. How do I know she isn't the very woman of my dreams?

PIERRETTE

Why are you always trying to picture an ideal woman?

PIERROT

Don't *you ever* picture an ideal man?

PIERRETTE

No, I try to be practical.

PIERROT

Women are so unimaginative! They are such pathetic, motherly things, and when they feel extra motherly they say, "I'm in love." All that is so sordid and petty. I want a woman I can set on a pedestal, and just look up at her and love her.

PIERRETTE

(*Speaking very fervently.*)

"Pierrot, don't wait for the moon,
There's a heart chilling cold in her rays;
And mellow and musical June
Will only last thirty short days,"

PIERROT

Oh, I should never make you understand ! Well,
I'm off.

[As he goes out, he sings, sidelong, over his shoulder in a mocking tone, "Baby, don't wait for the moon." Pierrette listens for a moment to his voice dying away in the distance. Then she moves to the fire-place, and begins to stir the fire. As she kneels there, the words of an old recitation form on her lips. Half unconsciously she recites it again to an audience of laughing flames and glowing, thoughtful coals.]

"There lives a maid in the big, wide world,
By the crowded town and mart,
And people sigh as they pass her by ;
They call her Hungry Heart.

For there trembles that on her red rose lip
That never her tongue can say,
And her eyes are sad, and she is not glad
In the beautiful calm of day.

Deep down in the waters of pure, clear thought,
The mate of her fancy lies ;
Sleeping, the night is made fair by his light
Sweet kiss on her dreaming eyes.

Though a man was made in the wells of time
Who could set her soul on fire,
Her life unwinds, and she never finds
This love of her heart's desire.

If you meet this maid of a hopeless love,
 Play not a meddler's part.
 Silence were best ; let her keep in her breast
 The dream of her hungry heart."

[*Overcome by tears, she hides her face in her hands. A slow, treble knock comes on the door ; Pierrette looks up wonderingly. Again the knock sounds.*

PIERRETTE

Come in.

[*The door swings slowly open, as though of its own accord, and without, on the threshold, is seen THE MANUFACTURER, standing full in the moonlight. He is a curious, though kindly-looking, old man, and yet, with all his years, he does not appear to be the least infirm. He is the sort of person that children take to instinctively. He wears a quaintly cut, bottle-green coat, with silver buttons and large side-pockets, which almost hide his knee-breeches. His shoes have large buckles and red heels. He is exceedingly unlike a prosperous manufacturer, and, but for the absence of a violin, would be mistaken for a village fiddler. Without a word he advances into the room, and, again of its own accord, the door closes noiselessly behind him.*

PIERRETTE

(*Jumping up and moving towards him.*) Oh, I'm so sorry. I ought to have opened the door when you knocked.

MANUFACTURER

That's all right. I'm used to opening doors. And yours opens much more easily than some I come across. Would you believe it, some people positively nail their doors up, and it's no good knocking. But there, you're wondering who I am.

PIERRETTE

I was wondering if you were hungry.

MANUFACTURER

Ah, a woman's instinct. But, thank you, no. I am a small eater; I might say a very small eater. A smile or a squeeze of the hand keeps me going admirably.

PIERRETTE

At least you'll sit down and make yourself at home.

MANUFACTURER

(*Moving to the settle.*) Well, I have a habit of making myself at home everywhere. In fact, most people think you can't make a *home* without *me*. May I put my feet on the fender? It's an old habit of mine. I always do it.

PIERRETTE

They say round here :

“Without feet on the fender
Love is but slender.”

MANUFACTURER

Quite right. It is the whole secret of the domestic fireside. Pierrette, you have been crying.

PIERRETTE

I believe I have.

MANUFACTURER

Bless you, I know all about it. It's Pierrot. And so you're in love with him, and he doesn't care a little bit about you, eh? What a strange old world it is! And you cry your eyes out over him.

PIERRETTE

Oh, no, I don't often cry. But to-night he seemed more grumpy than usual, and I tried so hard to cheer him up.

MANUFACTURER

Grumpy, is he?

PIERRETTE

He doesn't mean it, though. It's the cold weather, and the show hasn't been paying so well lately. Pierrot wants to write an article about us for the local paper by way of an advertisement. He thinks the editor may print it if he gives him free passes for his family.

MANUFACTURER

Do you think Pierrot is worth your tears?

PIERRETTE

Oh, yes!

MANUFACTURER

You know, tears are not to be wasted. We only have a certain amount of them given to us just for keeping the heart moist. And when we've used them all up and haven't any more, the heart dries up, too.

PIERRETTE

Pierrot is a splendid fellow. You don't know him as well as I do. It's true he's always discontented, but it's only because he's not in love with any one. You know, love does make a tremendous difference in a man.

MANUFACTURER

That's true enough. And has it made a difference in you?

PIERRETTE

Oh, yes! I put Pierrot's slippers down to warm, and I make tea for him, and all the time I'm happy because I'm doing something for him. If I weren't in love, I should find it a drudgery.

MANUFACTURER

Are you sure it's real love?

PIERRETTE

Why, yes!

MANUFACTURER

Every time you think of Pierrot, do you hear the patter of little bare feet? And every time he speaks, do you feel little chubby hands on your breast and face?

PIERRETTE

(*Fervently.*) Yes! Oh, yes! That's just it!

MANUFACTURER

You've got it right enough. But why is it that Pierrot can wake up all this poetry in you?

PIERRETTE

Because—oh, because he's just Pierrot.

MANUFACTURER

"Because he's just Pierrot." The same old reason.

PIERRETTE

Of course, he is a bit dreamy. But that's his soul. I am sure he could do great things if he tried. And have you noticed his smile? Isn't it lovely! Sometimes, when he's not looking, I want ever so much to try it on, just to see how I should look in it. (*Pensively.*) But I wish he'd smile at me a little more often, instead of at others.

MANUFACTURER

Ho! So he smiles at others, does he?

PIERRETTE

Hardly a day goes by but there's some fine lady at the show. There was one there to-day, a tall girl with red cheeks. He is gone to look for her now. And it is not their faults. The poor things can't help being in love with him. (*Proudly.*) I believe every one is in love with Pierrot.

MANUFACTURER

But supposing one of these fine ladies were to marry him ?

PIERRETTE

Oh, they'd never do that. A fine lady would never marry a poor singer. If Pierrot were to get married, I think I should just...fade away...Oh, but I don't know why I talk to you like this. I feel as if I had known you for a long, long time.

[The Manufacturer rises from the settle and moves across to Pierrette, who is now folding up the white table-cloth.]

MANUFACTURER

(*Very slowly.*) Perhaps you *have* known me for a long, long time.

[His tone is so kindly and impressive that Pierrette forgets the table-cloth and looks up at him. For a moment or two he smiles back at her as she gazes, spellbound ; then he turns away to the fire again, with the little chuckle that is never far from his lips.]

PIERRETTE

(*Taking a small bow from his side-pocket.*) Oh, look at this.

MANUFACTURER

(*In mock alarm.*) Oh, oh, I didn't mean you to see that. I'd forgotten it was sticking out of my pocket. I used to do a lot of archery at one time. I don't get much chance now.
(*He takes it and puts it back in his pocket.*)

PIERROT

(*Singing in the distance.*)

“Baby, don't wait for the moon,
She is drawing the sea in her net;
And mellow and musical June
Is teaching the rose to forget.”

MANUFACTURER

(*In a whisper as the voice draws nearer.*) Who is that?

PIERRETTE

Pierrot.

[*Again the conical white hat flashes past the window and Pierrot enters.*]

PIERROT

I can't find her anywhere. (*Seeing the Manufacturer.*) Hullo! Who are you?

MANUFACTURER

I am a stranger to you, but Pierrette knew me in a moment.

PIERROT

An old flame perhaps ?

MANUFACTURER

True, I am an old flame. I've lighted up the world for a considerable time. Yet when you say "old," there are many people who think I'm wonderfully well preserved for my age. How long do you think I've been trotting about ?

PIERROT

(Testily, measuring a length with his hands.) Oh, about that long.

MANUFACTURER

I suppose being funny all day *does* get on your nerves.

PIERRETTE

Pierrot, you needn't be rude.

MANUFACTURER

(Anxious to be alone with Pierrot.) Pierrette, have you got supper in ?

PIERRETTE

Oh, I must fly ! The shops will all be shut. Will you be here when I come back ?

MANUFACTURER

(Bustling her out.) I can't promise, but I'll try, I'll try.

[Pierrette goes out. There is a silence, during which the Manufacturer regards Pierrot with amusement.]

MANUFACTURER

Well, friend Pierrot, so business is not very brisk.

PIERROT

Brisk! If laughter meant business, it would be brisk enough, but there's no money. However, I've done one good piece of work to-day. I've arranged with the editor to put an article in the paper. That will fetch 'em. (*Singing.*)

“Please come one day and see our house that's
down among the trees,
But do not come at four o'clock for then we
count the bees,
And bath the tadpoles and the frogs, who
splash the clouds with gold,
And watch the new-cut cucumbers perspiring
with the cold.”

That's a song I'm writing.

MANUFACTURER

Pierrot, if you had all the money in the world you wouldn't be happy.

PIERROT

Wouldn't I? Give me all the money in the world and I'll risk it. To start with, I'd build schools to educate the people up to high-class things.

MANUFACTURER

You dream of fame and wealth and empty ideals, and you miss all the best things there are. You are discontented. Why? Because you don't know how to be happy.

PIERROT

(*Reciting.*) “Life’s a running brooklet,
Catch the fishes there,
You who wrote a booklet
On a woman’s hair.”

(*Explaining.*) That’s another song I’m writing.
It’s the second verse. Things come to me all
of a sudden like that. I must run out a third
verse, just to wind it up.

MANUFACTURER

Why don’t you write a song without any end, one
that goes on for ever ?

PIERROT

I say, that’s rather silly, isn’t it ?

MANUFACTURER

It all depends. For a song of that sort the singer
must be always happy.

PIERROT

That wants a bit of doing in my line.

MANUFACTURER

Shall you and I transact a little business ?

PIERROT

By all means. What seats would you like ? There
are the front rows covered in velvet, one
shilling ; wooden benches behind, sixpence ;
and, right at the back, the twopenny part.
But, of course, you’ll have shilling ones. How
many shall we say ?

MANUFACTURER

You don't know who I am.

PIERROT

That makes no difference. All are welcome, and we thank you for your courteous attention.

MANUFACTURER

Pierrot, I am a maker of dreams.

PIERROT

A what ?

MANUFACTURER

I make all the dreams that float about this musty world.

PIERROT

I say, you'd better have a rest for a bit. I expect you're a trifle done up.

MANUFACTURER

Pierrot, Pierrot, your superior mind can't tumble to my calling. A child or one of the "people" would in a moment. I am a maker of dreams, little things that glide about into people's hearts and make them glad. Haven't you often wondered where the swallows go to in the autumn? They come to my workshop, and tell me who wants a dream, and what happened to the dreams they took with them in the spring.

PIERROT

Oh, I say, you can't expect me to believe that.

MANUFACTURER

When flowers fade, have you never wondered where their colours go to, or what becomes of all the butterflies in the winter? There isn't much winter about my workshop.

PIERROT

I had never thought of it before.

MANUFACTURER

It's a kind of lost property office, where every beautiful thing that the world has neglected finds its way. And there I make my celebrated dream, the dream that is called "love."

PIERROT

Ho! ho! Now we're talking.

MANUFACTURER

You don't believe in it?

PIERROT

Yes, in a way. But it doesn't last. It doesn't last. If there is form, there isn't soul, and, if there is soul, there isn't form. Oh, I've tried hard enough to believe it, but, after the first wash, the colours run.

MANUFACTURER

You only got hold of a substitute. Wait until you see the genuine article.

PIERROT

But how is one to tell it?

MANUFACTURER

There are heaps of signs. As soon as you get the real thing, your shoulder-blades begin to tingle. That's love's wings sprouting. And, next, you want to soar up among the stars and sit on the roof of heaven and sing to the moon. Of course, that's because I put such a lot of the moon into my dreams. I break bits off until it's nearly all gone, and then I let it grow big again. It grows very quickly, as I dare say you've noticed. After a fortnight it is ready for use once more.

PIERROT

This is most awfully fascinating. And do the swallows bring all the dreams ?

MANUFACTURER

Not always ; I have other messengers. Every night when the big clock strikes twelve, a day slips down from the calendar, and runs away to my workshop in the Land of Long Ago. I give him a touch of scarlet and a gleam of gold, and say, "Go back, little Yesterday, and be a memory in the world." But my best dreams I keep for to-day. I buy babies, and fit them up with a dream, and then send them complete and carriage paid...in the usual manner.

PIERROT

I've been dreaming all my life, but they've always been dreams I made myself. I suppose I don't mix 'em properly.

MANUFACTURER

You leave out the very essence of them. You must put in a little sorrow, just to take away the over-sweetness. I found that out very soon, so I took a little of the fresh dew that made pearls in the early morning, and I sprinkled my dreams with the gift of tears.

PIERROT

(*Ecstatically*). The gift of tears! How beautiful! You know, I should rather like to try a real one. Not one of my own making.

MANUFACTURER

Well, there are plenty about, if you only look for them.

PIERROT

That is all very well, but who's going to look about for stray dreams?

MANUFACTURER

I once made a dream that would just suit you. I slipped it inside a baby. That was twenty years ago, and the baby is now a full-grown woman, with great blue eyes and fair hair.

PIERROT

It's a lot of use merely telling me about her.

MANUFACTURER

I'll do more. When I shipped her to the world, I kept the bill of lading. Here it is. You shall have it.

PIERROT

Thanks, but what's the good of it ?

MANUFACTURER

Why, the holder of that is able to claim the goods ;
you will notice it contains a complete description,
too. I promise you, you're in luck.

PIERROT

Has she red cheeks and a string of great beads ?

MANUFACTURER

No.

PIERROT

Ah, then it is not she. Where shall I find her ?

MANUFACTURER

That's for you to discover. All you have to do
is to search.

PIERROT

I'll start at once. *[He moves as if to go.]*

MANUFACTURER

I shouldn't start out to-night.

PIERROT

But I want to find her soon. Somebody else may
find her before me.

MANUFACTURER

Pierrot, there was once a man who wanted to
gather mushrooms.

PIERROT

(*Annoyed at the commonplace.*) Mushrooms!

MANUFACTURER

Fearing people would be up before him, he started out overnight. Morning came, and he found none, so he returned disconsolate to his house. As he came through the garden, he found a great mushroom had grown up in the night by his very door-step. Take the advice of one who knows, and wait a bit.

PIERROT

If that's your advice...But tell me this, do you think I shall find her?

MANUFACTURER

I can't say for certain. Would you consider yourself a fool?

PIERROT

Ah...of course...when you ask me a direct thing like that, you make it...er...rather awkward for me. But, if I may say so, as man to man... I mean as man to...(*he hesitates*).

MANUFACTURER

(*Waiving the point.*) Yes, yes.

PIERROT

Well, I flatter myself that...

MANUFACTURER

Exactly. And that's your principal danger. Whilst you are striding along gazing at the

stars, you may be treading on a little glow-worm. Shall I give you a third verse for your song?

“Life’s a woman calling,
Do not stop your ears,
Lest, when night is falling,
Darkness brings you tears.”

[The Manufacturer’s kindly and impressive tone holds Pierrot as it had held Pierrette some moments before. Whilst the two are looking at each other, a little red cloak dances past the window, and Pierrette enters with her marketing.]

PIERRETTE

Oh, I’m so glad you’re still here.

MANUFACTURER

But I must be going now. I am a great traveller.

PIERRETTE

(Standing against the door, so that he cannot pass.)

Oh, you mustn’t go yet.

MANUFACTURER

Don’t make me fly out of the window. I only do that under very unpleasant circumstances.

PIERROT

(Gaily, with mock eloquence.) Pierrette, regard our visitor. You little knew whom you were entertaining. You see before you the maker

of the dreams that slip about the world like little fish among the rushes of a stream. He has given me the bill of lading of his great masterpiece, and it only remains for me to find her. (*Dropping to the commonplace.*) I wish I knew where to look.

MANUFACTURER

Before I go, I will give you this little rhyme :

“Let every woman keep a school,
For every man is born a fool.”

[*He bows, and goes out quickly and silently.*]

PIERRETTE

(*Running to the door, and looking out.*) Why, how quickly he has gone ! He's out of sight.

PIERROT

At last I am about to attain my great ideal. There will be a grand wedding, and I shall wear my white coat with the silver braid, and carry a tall gold-topped stick. (*Singing.*)

“If we play any longer, I fear you will get
Such a cold in the head, for the grass is so wet.
But during the night, Margareta divine,
I will hang the wet grass up to dry on the line.”

Pierrette, I feel that I am about to enter into a man's inheritance, a woman's love.

PIERRETTE

I wish you every happiness.

PIERROT

(Singing teasingly.)

“We shall meet in our dreams, that’s a thing
understood ;
You dream of the river, I’ll dream of the wood.
I am visiting you, if the river it be ;
If we meet in the wood, you are visiting me.”

PIERRETTE

We must make lots of money, so that you can give
her all she wants. I’ll dance and dance until
I fall, and the people will exclaim, “Why,
she has danced herself to death.”

PIERROT

You’re right. We must pull the show together.
I’ll do that article for the paper at once.

*[He takes paper, ink, etc., from the dresser,
and, seating himself at the table, commences
to write.]*

“There has lately come to this town a
company of strolling players, who give a show
that is at once musical and droll. The
audience is enthralled by Pierrot’s magnificent
singing and dancing, and...er...very much
entertained by Pierrette’s homely dancing.
Pierrette is a charming comedienne of twenty,
with...” what colour hair ?

PIERRETTE

Fair, quite fair.

PIERROT

Funny how one can see a person every day and not know the colour of their hair. "Fair hair and..." eyes?

PIERRETTE

Blue, Pierrot.

PIERROT

"Fair hair and blue eyes." Fair! Blue! Oh, of course it's nonsense, though.

PIERRETTE

What's nonsense?

PIERROT

Something I was thinking. Most girls have fair hair and blue eyes.

PIERRETTE

Yes, Pierrot, we can't all be ideals.

PIERROT

How musical your voice sounds! I can't make it out. Oh, but, of course, it *is* all nonsense! (*He takes the bill of lading from his pocket and reads it.*)

PIERRETTE

What's nonsense?...Pierrot, won't you tell me?

PIERROT

Pierrette, stand in the light.

PIERRETTE

Is anything the matter ?

PIERROT

I almost believe that nothing matters. (*Reading and glancing at her.*) "Eyes that say 'I love you'; arms that say 'I want you'; lips that say 'Why don't you?'" Pierrette, is it possible! I've never noticed before how beautiful you are. You don't seem a bit the same. I believe you have lost your real face, and have carved another out of a rose.

PIERRETTE

Oh, Pierrot, what is it ?

PIERROT

Love! I've found it at last. Don't you understand it all ?

"I am a fool

Who has learned wisdom in your school."

To think that I've seen you every day, and never dreamed...dreamed! Yes, ah yes, it's one of his beautiful dreams. That is why my heart seems full of the early morning.

PIERRETTE

Ah, Pierrot !

PIERROT

Oh, how my shoulders tingle! I want to soar up, up. Don't you want to fly up to the roof of heaven and sing among the stars ?

PIERRETTE

I have been sitting on the moon ever so long, waiting for my lover. Pierrot, let me try on your smile. Give it to me in a kiss.

[With their hands outstretched behind them, they lean towards each other, till their lips meet in a long kiss.]

PIERRETTE

(Throwing back her head with a deep sigh of happiness.)

Oh, I am so happy. This might be the end of all things.

PIERROT

Pierrette, let us sit by the fire and put our feet on the fender, and live happily ever after.

[They have moved slowly to the settle. As they sit there, Pierrot sings softly:]

“Baby, don’t wait for the moon,
The stairs of the sky are so steep;
And mellow and musical June
Is waiting to kiss you to sleep.”

[The lamp on the hood of the chimney-piece has burned down, leaving only the red glow from the fire upon their faces, as the curtain whispers down to hide them.]

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